

hat is left of the Prussians, against the Russians, the [almucks, the Cossacks, the northern tribes that long ago invaded the Roman Empire. We are making war in the strictest sense of that term. In the midst of these great fatigues we have all been more or less sick. As for myself I have never been stronger, and have become better.

5th. I am displeased with the absurd notes inserted in the *Moniteur*. Berthier wrote from the battlefield, in a state of fatigue, and with no idea that his message would get into print.

11th. (To General Clarke.) Colonel Aubert's report makes me laugh. We may conclude that that officer, tiding himself in a fire that was too hot for him, lost his 2d; that is the thing to say to M. de Bray. The battle was won by four o'clock in the afternoon, when Marshal Davout was fully engaged. I was rather exposed to artillery fire, but it was necessary. It is possible that to a person who did not realize what was happening the battle seemed doubtful; but I, knowing that my columns were driving, could be anxious only about the half hour's snow we got. As for 15,000 French having been routed, that is horrible calumny; a few laggards and wagons took to flight because the cry was raised that the Cossacks were in them; it resulted in the stampede of 800 or 900 led horses. The colonel has magnified this into the flight of 5,000 men. Had he been at Marengo, at Rivoli, and at *venty* other battles I have fought, he would understand that to go under fire and to encourage the troops in person is not of necessity to consider that a battle is lost, in any case, it's all a pack of lies; this officer was pre-